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DIGITAL EDITION

# SPAWN®



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COMICS PRESENTS:

# "MYTHS"

PART 1



Dedicated to:  
**JIM SALICRUP**

FOR IMAGE COMICS  
**LARRY MARDER - exec. director    TONY LOBITO - publisher**

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®

**HA!!**

**THAT'S  
THE BEST  
YOU CAN DO  
?!**

**WELL,  
SIT BACK  
AND I'LL TELL  
YOU ABOUT  
"TOUGH!"**

I USED TO WORK FOR A DUDE  
WHO WAS SO MEAN HE'D MAKE YOU  
**PUKE!** YOU KNOW THE KIND--  
SO SICK THEY MAKE YOU SICK!

→Sigh.← WELL, THE DUDE COULDN'T BE  
EVERWHERE AT ONCE, SO HE'D  
CALL FOR HELP ON THE REALLY **ROUGH**  
ASSIGNMENTS. ONLY THE  
**BADDEST, MEANEST, TOUGHEST, ROTTENEST**  
EMPLOYEE WOULD GET THE CALL...

AND IT WAS ALWAYS THE *SAME GUY* WHO'D GET THE CALL...  
A GUY WHO'D MAKE **SCHWARZENEGGER,**  
**STALLONE** AND **VAN DAMME** LOOK  
LIKE THE **THREE  
STOOGES.**

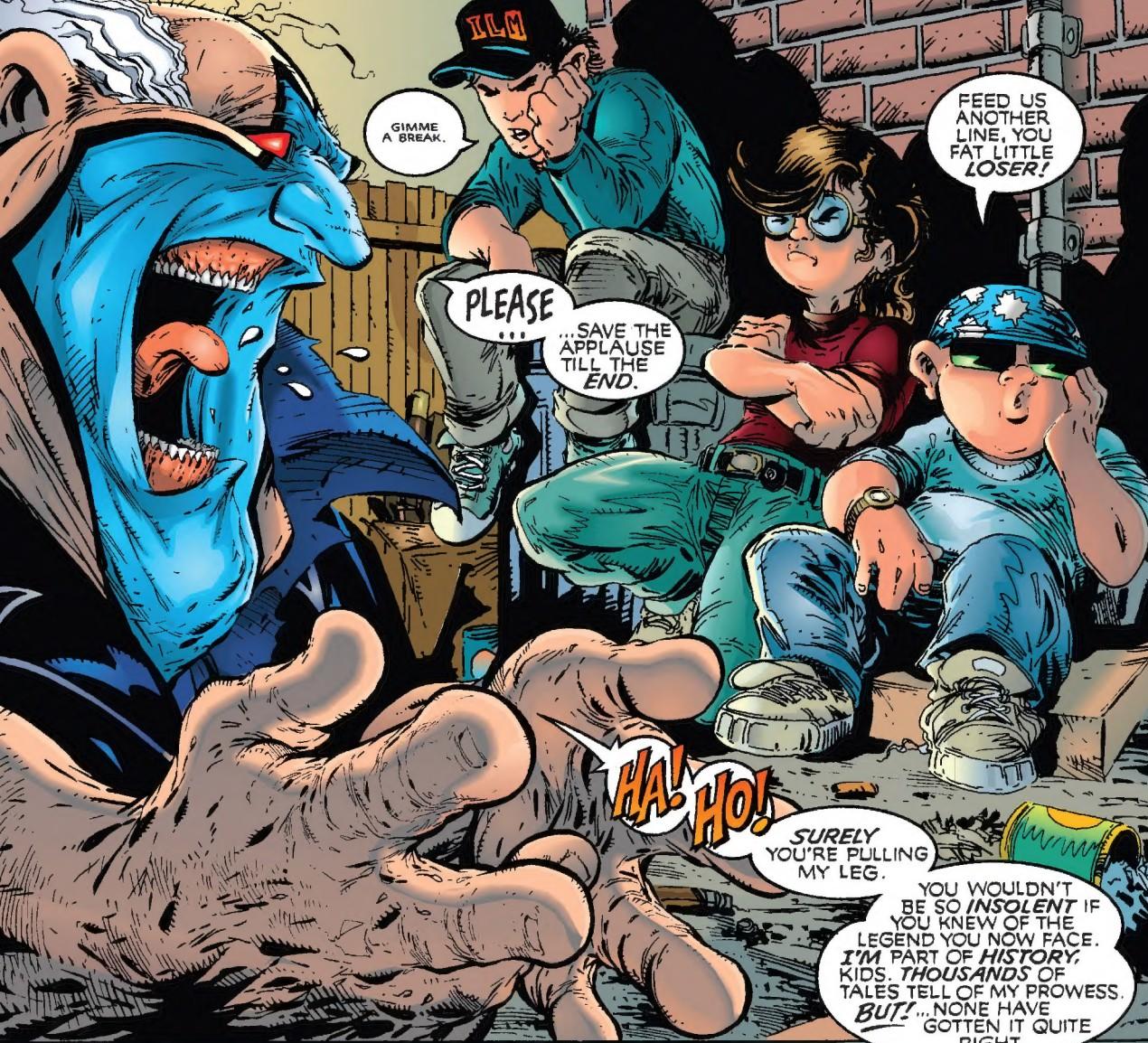


AND GUESS  
WHO THAT  
TOUGH-AS-NAILS  
WORKER  
**WAS?!**

I'LL HELP YOU OUT.

IT WAS I!...  
HUMBLE LITTLE OL'

**VIOLATOR!**





SILENCE!

MY TALE BEGINS.

OVER 800 YEARS AGO THERE LIVED AN EVIL WIZARD. HIS SOUL WAS AS DARK AS COAL. THE INHABITANTS OF THE SURROUNDING LANDS FEARED HIS VERY PRESENCE.

THE EVIL WIZARD HAD, AFTER ALL, GUTTED MANY INNOCENT FOLKS.

Men, women, even babies, few were immune to his barbaric ways. Permanent stains of blood etched across his battle gear.

HE KEPT THE PEOPLE IN CHECK BY USING THE STRONGEST FORCE ON EARTH...

"MONEY!"

NO, BOY--FEAR.

WHEREVER HE WENT,  
THE CITIZENS FLED.  
THOSE LEFT BEHIND  
COWERED IN HIS SHADOW.

THIS ISOLATION  
DROVE HIM MAD.

RIDING ON THE BACK OF HIS BLACK DEMONIC MONSTER, HE INSPIRED OFT-REPEATED STORIES. ONE TOLD OF MEN TRAMPLED, A HUNDRED AT A TIME, JUST SO HE COULD LAUGH AT THEIR BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS. CHAOS REIGNED SUPREME. IT WAS SAID THAT HE DERIVED GREAT PLEASURE AS WELL FROM WATCHING OTHERS DO BATTLE-- HIS TWISTED WAY OF UNWINDING. ONE SUCH INCIDENT BROUGHT THE REGION'S RULER OF THAT TIME, KING JOHN IV, INTO CONFLICT WITH A NEIGHBORING TERRITORY.

WHILE THE  
TWO ARMIES  
STRUGGLED, THE  
DARK WIZARD  
STOOD IDLY BY,  
WATCHING  
GLEEFULLY AS  
THE RAPING AND  
PILLAGING OF  
EACH TOWN GREW  
MORE FRENZIED.

HE SEEMED TO  
TAKE PRIDE  
IN HIS APATHY.

THE PEOPLE GREW TO  
HATE HIM MORE AND  
MORE AS HE STOOD BY  
DOING NOTHING.

SO WHY  
DIDN'T  
SOMEBODY  
ACE  
HIM?

THAT'S  
EASY.

THEY  
WERE ALL  
CHICKEN!

NO ONE  
HAD THE  
**GUTS**  
TO STAND UP  
TO HIM.

**WRONG!**

MY BOSS  
HAND-PICKED  
ME TO GO  
TAKE HIM  
OUT.

I ACCEPTED MY  
ASSIGNMENT  
WITHOUT  
HESITATION.

THE PEOPLE OF  
THE VILLAGE  
WELCOMED ME  
INTO THEIR HOMES.  
THESE WILLING  
TOWNSFOLK ALL  
OPENED THEIR  
HEARTS TO ME.

THE NIGHT  
I ARRIVED  
WE ATE LIKE  
KINGS.

"YOU'RE 800  
YEARS OLD...?!  
OH PLEASE SPARE ME!"

"QUIET, CLINT.  
I WANT TO  
HEAR THIS."

EVERY  
LAST  
ONE.

IT WAS A FEAST  
THE LIKES OF  
WHICH HAD NEVER  
BEEN SEEN.

THEIR HERO  
HAD FINALLY  
ARRIVED.



WORD OF MY PRESENCE SPREAD QUICKLY. I SOON VISITED THE SURROUNDING VILLAGES.

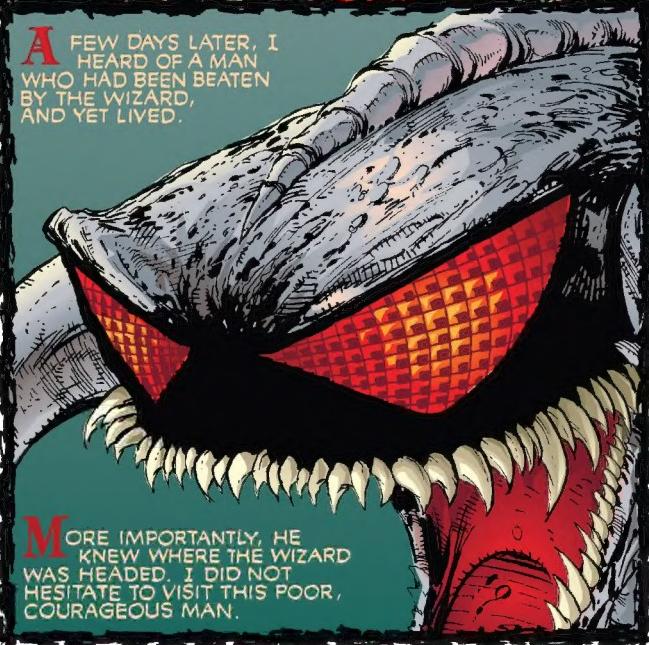


I WANTED TO ASSURE THEM ALL PERSONALLY THAT I WAS NOW THEIR SWORN PROTECTOR.

THEY NEEDED NO LONGER FEAR THE EVIL SPAWN-WIZARD.



NOT WHILE I WAS AROUND.



A FEW DAYS LATER, I HEARD OF A MAN WHO HAD BEEN BEATEN BY THE WIZARD, AND YET LIVED.

MORE IMPORTANTLY, HE KNEW WHERE THE WIZARD WAS HEADED. I DID NOT HESITATE TO VISIT THIS POOR, COURAGEOUS MAN.



AFTER GATHERING THE INFORMATION I NEEDED, I MADE SURE THAT HIS WOUNDS WERE PROPERLY TAKEN CARE OF.

**A**RMED WITH KNOWLEDGE OF HIS WHEREABOUTS, I CAREFULLY MAPPED OUT MY STRATEGIES ON HOW BEST TO ENCOUNTER THIS WICKED NEMESIS.

**R**USHING INTO BATTLE WOULD ONLY WEAKEN MY POSITION.

**I** NEEDED TO STRENGTHEN MYSELF.

**H**ONE MY ABILITIES.

**E**VERY VILLAGE MADE SURE I WOULD BE WELL-PROVIDED FOR. I HAD THEIR COMPLETE CO-OPERATION IN MY TASK OF FINALLY RIDDING THEIR LANDS OF THIS DARK HELLSPAWN.

**T**HEY GAVE ME EVERYTHING I COULD POSSIBLY NEED.

FINALLY, I WAS READY.

ALL I NEEDED NOW WAS A **DECoy...** SOMEONE THAT EVEN THE MOST **DISGUSTING** OF HUMAN BEINGS ACTUALLY CARED FOR.

AND I FOUND HER.

...THE WIZARD'S VERY OWN EVIL, UGLY, **WART-FACED**, WICKED **WITCH** MOTHER.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU'RE 800 YEARS OLD. YOU USED TO BE A **LEAN-MEAN-FIGHTIN'-MACHINE**. AND YOU FOUGHT WIZARDS IN WITCHES?

**SO!**

EXACTLY WHO IS THIS BOSS OF YOURS?! HE'S GOTTA BE PRETTY POWERFUL HIMSELF TO KEEP YOU **ALIVE** AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.

SURELY YOU'VE ALL READ THE **BIBLE**.

**WHOA!**

YOU MEAN YOU'RE ONE OF GOD'S DISCIPLES?!

**PLEASE!!**  
GET WITH THE PROGRAM.

HERE'S A CLUE.

RECALL THE OTHER DIRECTION.

NEW YORK CITY'S POLICE  
DEPARTMENT, 12TH PRECINCT...

...SPECIFICALLY, THE  
OFFICE OF DETECTIVES  
SAM BURKE AND  
"TWITCH" WILLIAMS.

P-PLEASE,  
SIR--!

WATCH  
THE  
RIBS.

HELL I FEEL  
GOOD!

I HOPE  
CHIEF BANKS  
IS DYING OF  
AN ULCER!

WE  
SHOVED  
IT RIGHT  
UP HIS  
REAR!

GOD BLESS  
AMERICA!

THEY'VE JUST GOTTEN  
WORD THAT THEY ARE  
OFFICIALLY CLEARED  
OF ANY WRONGDOING,  
FOLLOWING AN INVESTIGATION  
INTO THE  
DEATH OF CHILDKILLER  
BILLY KINCAID.

THE PAIR CAN NOW RESUME THEIR REGULAR  
DUTIES ON THE STREETS WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY.  
TWO WEEKS STRAPPED BEHIND A DESK DROVE  
SAM ALMOST COMPLETELY BONKERS.

HEE-HEE-HEE!  
I LOVE  
WINNING!

WELL,  
TWITCH,  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT I'M  
GOING TO  
DO FIRST,  
uh?

FIND OUR  
HERO IN THE  
RED CAPE.

BINGO!

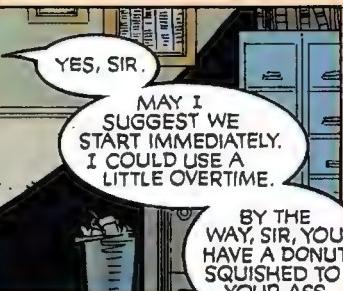
THE INVESTIGATING  
BOARD DIDN'T KNOW ANY-  
THING ABOUT HIM. WITH US  
CLEARED, THEY'RE ANTSY  
TO FIND OUT WHAT  
REALLY HAPPENED.

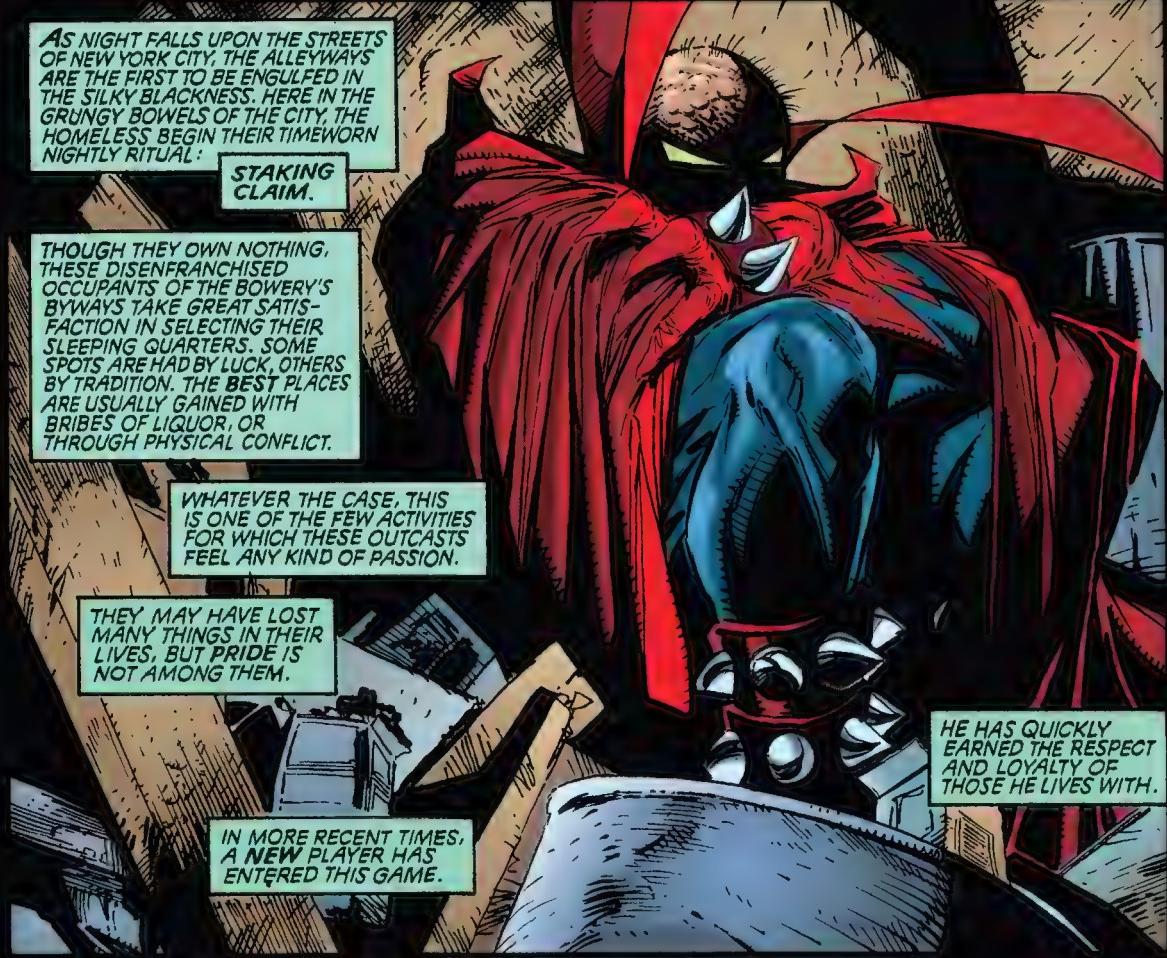
MAYBE  
WE CAN  
HELP THEM  
OUT A  
BIT.

YES, SIR.

MAY I  
SUGGEST WE  
START IMMEDIATELY.  
I COULD USE A  
LITTLE OVERTIME.

BY THE  
WAY, SIR, YOU  
HAVE A DONUT  
SQUISHED TO  
YOUR ASS.





AS NIGHT FALLS UPON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY, THE ALLEYWAYS ARE THE FIRST TO BE ENGULFED IN THE SILKY BLACKNESS. HERE IN THE GRUNGY BOWELS OF THE CITY, THE HOMELESS BEGIN THEIR TIMEWORN NIGHTLY RITUAL:

STAKING CLAIM.

THOUGH THEY OWN NOTHING, THESE DISENFRANCHISED OCCUPANTS OF THE BOWERY'S BYWAYS TAKE GREAT SATISFACTION IN SELECTING THEIR SLEEPING QUARTERS. SOME SPOTS ARE HAD BY LUCK, OTHERS BY TRADITION. THE BEST PLACES ARE USUALLY GAINED WITH BRIBES OF LIQUOR, OR THROUGH PHYSICAL CONFLICT.

WHATEVER THE CASE, THIS IS ONE OF THE FEW ACTIVITIES FOR WHICH THESE OUTCASTS FEEL ANY KIND OF PASSION.

THEY MAY HAVE LOST MANY THINGS IN THEIR LIVES, BUT PRIDE IS NOT AMONG THEM.

IN MORE RECENT TIMES, A NEW PLAYER HAS ENTERED THIS GAME.

HE HAS QUICKLY EARNED THE RESPECT AND LOYALTY OF THOSE HE LIVES WITH.



THOUGH IT TOOK HIM NEARLY EIGHT DAYS TO RETURN FROM AFRICA, HIS CHOICE OF RESTING PLACES IS UNDISPUTED. THE PECKING ORDER ENDURES.

SHELTERED AWAY IN HIS NEW RESTING SPOT, SPAWN CAN REFLECT CALMLY ON HIS ACTIONS, CONSIDERING WHAT WENT WRONG, AND WHY.

ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT. IT'S BECOMING PREDICTABLE.



HOW COULD I BE SO STUPID.



7:7:5:4



BUT IF CHAPEL TALKS,  
I'M SCREWED. BIG TIME.

AT LEAST I'VE HAD MY REVENGE  
BY BRANDING HIS FACE WITH  
THAT STUPID SKULL MARK  
PERMANENTLY. EVEN MAKE-  
UP WON'T STICK TO IT. HE'S A  
WALKING HORROR SHOW.

GOOD. I DIDN'T  
WANT TO BE THE  
ONLY ONE.

CHAPEL NOW KNOWS I'M  
ALIVE. UP TILL NOW MY  
GREATEST ADVANTAGE WAS  
MY DEATH. NO MATTER  
WHAT I DID, I WAS CLEAN.  
NO ONE WOULD THINK  
THAT A DEAD MAN WAS  
RESPONSIBLE. THEY'VE  
BEEN CHASING SHADOWS  
AND RED HERRINGS.

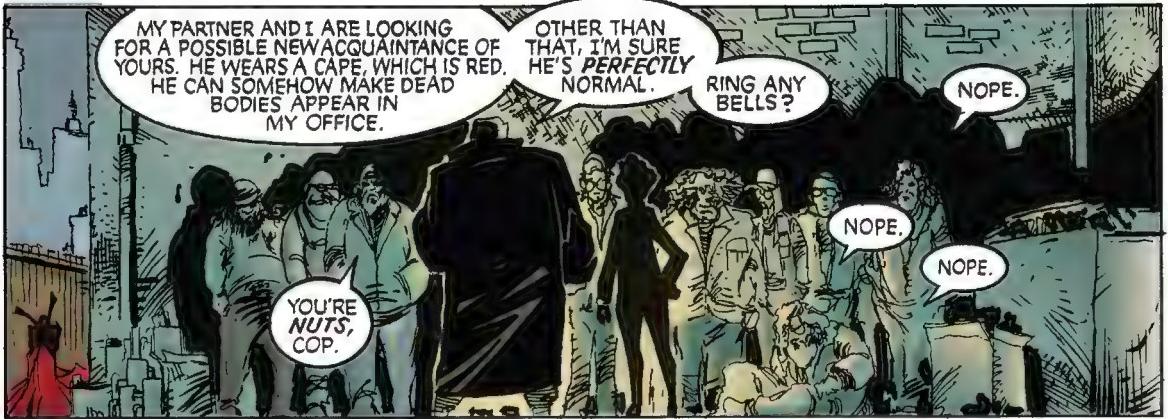
WHAT NOW?

DO I SIT AROUND WAITING  
TO SEE IF HE OPENS HIS BIG  
MOUTH? FORGET IT. TIME'S  
STILL ON MY SIDE.

IT'D STILL TAKE A  
COUPLE OF MONTHS  
FOR ANYONE TO  
TRACK ME DOWN.

I'LL JUST HAVE TO  
CROSS THAT BRIDGE  
WHEN I GET TO IT.





"I SWEAR, THIS GUY  
LEADS A *CHARMED* LIFE.."



AL SIMMONS WOULD  
CONSIDER THAT TO  
BE A VERY, VERY  
BAD JOKE.

SO ANYWAYS,  
IT WAS TIME FOR  
ME TO HUNT DOWN  
THE WICKED  
WITCH!

SHE WAS 100% EVIL.

THE VERY SIGHT OF HER WOULD  
MAKE YOU SCREAM. FANGS  
GREW FROM HER BLACK LIPS.  
PIERCING RED EYES SANK  
INTO A FACE SPLATTERED  
WITH WARTS AND CUTS.

HIDEOUS DOESN'T  
BEGIN TO  
DESCRIBE HER.

AND, SHE  
WAS  
POWERFUL  
BEYOND BELIEF.

SHE COULD CONTROL THE WIND  
AND THE RAIN. EVEN THE  
CREATURES OF THE FOREST  
LISTENED TO HER COMMANDS.

AND HOW SHE LOVED HER SON.

I'LL  
AWAIT YOUR  
RETURN, MY  
PRINCE.

I SHALL  
COME BACK  
IN HASTE.

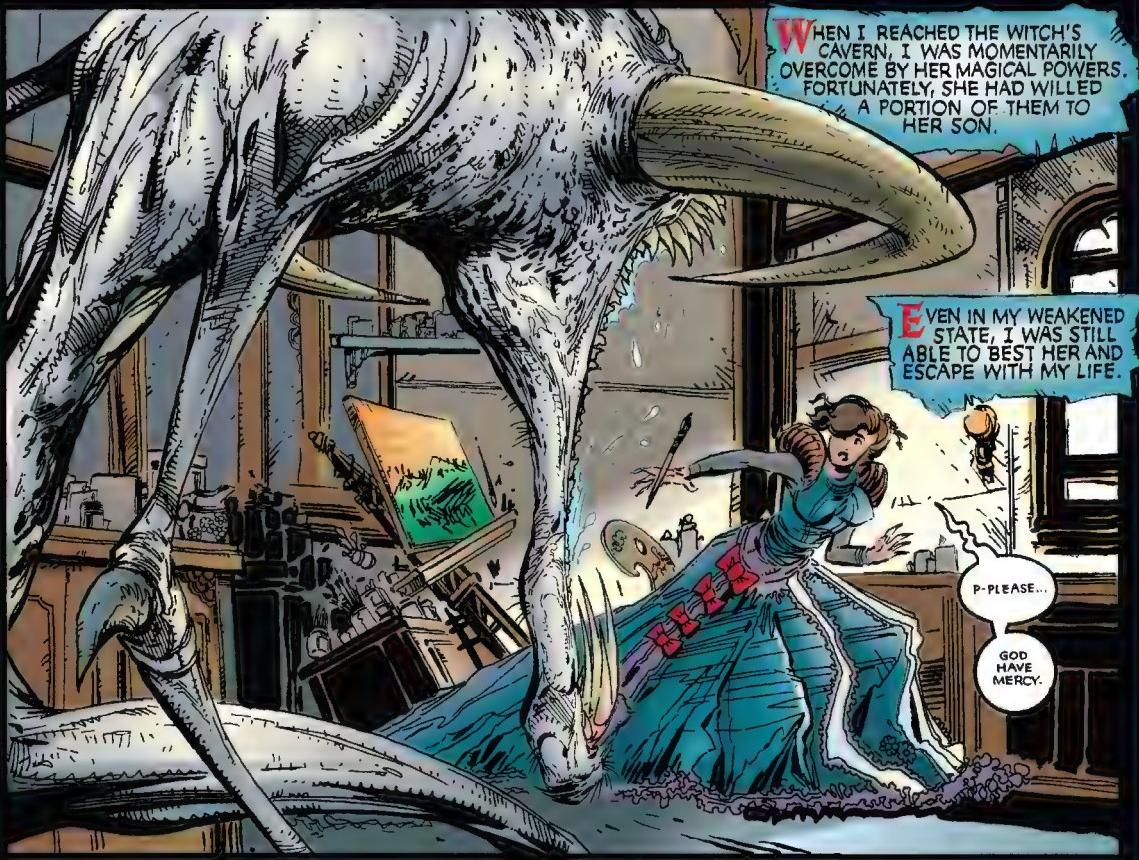
KEEP THEE  
WELL DURING  
MY ABSENCE,  
SWEET  
DARLING.

IF I COULD ONLY FIND AND  
CAPTURE THIS COLD, SADISTIC  
WOMAN, I MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE  
OF KILLING THE SPAWN-WIZARD  
HIMSELF.

SHE WOULD  
BE MY  
DECoy.

IT TOOK THREE DAYS' TRAVEL  
TO REACH HER CASTLE. AT  
HER DOORWAY I FOUGHT  
TWENTY OR MORE MONSTERS  
WHICH BARRED MY PATH.

I WON, BUT  
JUST  
BARELY.



WHEN I REACHED THE WITCH'S CAVERN, I WAS MOMENTARILY OVERCOME BY HER MAGICAL POWERS. FORTUNATELY, SHE HAD WILLED A PORTION OF THEM TO HER SON.

EVEN IN MY WEAKENED STATE, I WAS STILL ABLE TO BEST HER AND ESCAPE WITH MY LIFE.

P-PLEASE...

GOD HAVE MERCY.



THIS LEGENDARY FIGHT HAS BEEN ACCLAIMED OVER THE GENERATIONS AS THE TURNING POINT IN MY CRUSADE TO KILL THE SPAWN-WIZARD.

IT TOOK DAYS, BUT FINALLY I DETERMINED THE WHEREABOUTS OF HER SON.



EVEN IN CAPTIVITY, SHE FOUGHT, NEVER GIVING UP. IN SOME TWISTED WAY, I ALMOST ADMIRED HER STAMINA. I HAD SEEN THOUSANDS OF MEN WHO FOUGHT LESS GALLANTLY.

WHEN AT LAST SHE SUCCUMBED, I TOOK HER WITH ME AS I SET OFF AFTER HER SON.

THE TIME HAD COME TO FACE THE BLACK WIZARD.

A BRAVE MESSENGER DELIVERED  
A NOTE TO THE HELLSPOWN,  
TELLING OF HIS MOTHER'S CAPTURE.  
THE LETTER SPOKE OF A "CHALLENGE."

A FIGHT TO  
THE DEATH.

WINNER-TAKE-ALL.

THE SPAWN-WIZARD  
ACCEPTED, 'CAUSE, TO TELL  
THE TRUTH, HE WAS A BIG MOMMA'S  
BOY. HE COULDN'T STAND TO SEE  
HIS MOTHER IN THE HANDS OF  
THE ENEMY.

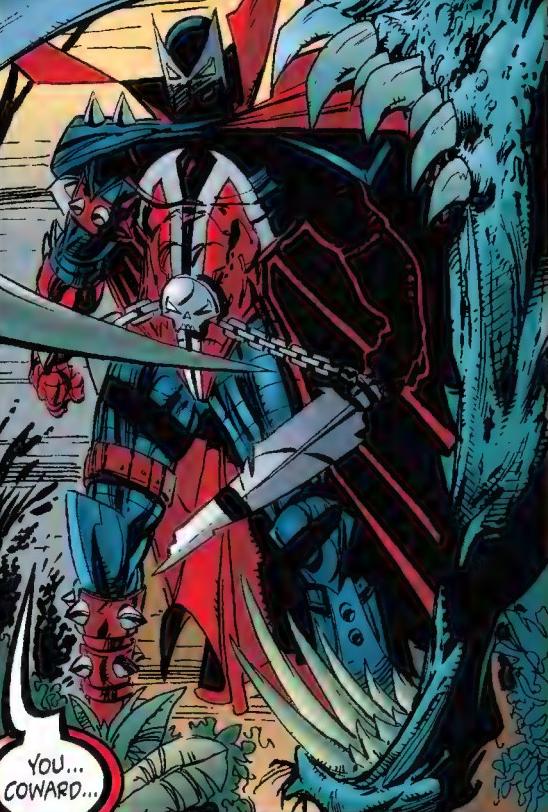
SO WE  
MET.

FACE TO FACE.  
MAN TO MAN.

WHAT TOOK  
PLACE THAT NIGHT  
IS THE REASON THE  
WORD "HEROIC"  
EXISTS IN THE  
DICTIONARY  
TODAY.

... HIDING  
BEHIND THIS  
WOMAN'S  
SKIRTS.  
I SHALL  
KILL  
YOU!

HE TREMBLED  
AT MY VERY  
PRESENCE.



YOU...  
COWARD...

I TOLD HIM I WOULD NOT  
LEAVE BEFORE COLLECT-  
ING THE HEADS FROM HE  
AND HIS MOTHER, FOR  
MY TROPHY-CASE.

THIS, OBVIOUSLY,  
DIDN'T SIT VERY  
WELL WITH HIM.



HE TRIED TO REACH  
HIS MOTHER, BUT I  
BLOCKED THE WAY.

FACE ME  
WITH HONOR,  
YOU DEVIL'S  
TOY.

PRINCE!  
HELP ME!

I KNOW  
WHY YOU'VE BEEN  
SENT. YOUR MASTER  
WISHES TO TEST ME, TO SEE  
IF I AM FIT FOR  
HIS ARMY.

YOU  
TELL HIM  
I WILL NOT BE  
SCARED BY  
THE LIKES OF  
YOU!

WE ARE  
BOTH PAWNS  
IN HIS ETERNAL  
WAR WITH  
HEAVEN.

BUT I  
WILL NOT  
BE TOYED  
WITH.

SO BEGAN  
OUR HISTORIC  
BATTLE.

GOOD VERSUS EVIL...TO THE DEATH...HIS  
STRENGTH AND AGILITY SURPRISED ME AT  
FIRST, BUT I HAD TO REMAIN FOCUSED. ANY  
DISTRACTION COULD COST ME MY LIFE! I HAD  
TO FIGHT WITH ALL MY SENSES ACTING AS ONE.

OUR WAR RAGED ON FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE  
AN ETERNITY. THE VERY GROUND SHOOK  
WITH OUR EVERY MOVE.

DO YOU EVER  
STOP?!

HOWEVER, I COULD DETECT EXHAUSTION CREEPING UNBIDDEN INTO THE SPAWN'S SWORD ARM.

HE BACKED ME UP AGAINST A TREE LINE, HOPING I WOULD TRY TO FLEE. THEN, WITH ALL THE DARKNESS THAT HID THE FOREST AS HIS EXCUSE, HE COULD SAY HE LOST ME IN THE SHADOWS.

OBVIOUSLY, HE GROSSLY UNDER-ESTIMATED MY GRIT AND DETERMINATION.

QUICKLY, I MADE MY MOVE.

THE FIERCENESS OF MY ATTACK CAUGHT HIM COMPLETELY OFF-GUARD.

I HAD HIM ON THE ROPES!!



AT ONE POINT I LOST  
TRACK OF HIM. HE  
HAD VANISHED INTO  
THE FOREST.

YOU ARE  
VERY GOOD,  
TRICKSTER.



MUSTERING ALL THE STRENGTH I HAD LEFT, I DIRECTED EVERYTHING INTO ONE LAST FIERY BLOW.

I BARFED A MAELSTROM OF ACIDIC FLAMES FULL FORCE INTO MY HATED ENEMY.

WITHOUT MOVING A MUSCLE, HE CAUGHT THE FULL ONSLAUGHT OF MY BLAST. AS I CONTINUED TO VOMIT DEATH, I COULD ONLY LAUGH INSIDE. THE WICKED WITCH WAS LEFT TO WATCH, HORRIFIED, AS I FRENCH-FRIED OL' SONNY BOY.

MY PRINCE

TEN MINUTES AFTER I STOPPED, HIS ARMOR STILL GLOWED RED-HOT. WHEN IT COOLED, FINALLY, I CHECKED INSIDE... AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT I FOUND?

BEVIS AND BUTTHEAD!

HA-HA!  
GOOD ONE,  
MARK!

MAYBE IT  
WAS JUST A  
VERY TANNED  
WIZARD.

YEAH--  
OR MAYBE A  
BIG PILE OF  
CRAP!

WHO CARES.  
C'MON, GUYS,  
LET'S GET OUTTA  
HERE.

BUT... BUT...  
BOYS--THIS IS  
THE CLIMAX!

I'M ALMOST  
DONE... JUST A  
FEW MORE  
MINUTES...

...oh,  
OKAY...

HERE'S ANOTHER  
FIVE BUCKS EACH.  
YOU HAPPY?!

BEAUTY!

ALRIGHT.  
WHAT DID  
YOU FIND?

DIDDLY!

HA-HA-HA-HA

I HAD COMPLETELY  
DISINTEGRATED  
THE POOR SUCKER!

HA-HA-HA-HA!

NEXT ISSUE | THE CONCLUSION-- AND  
A NEW LEGEND IS BORN!  
(HONEST-- I WOULDN'T LIE.)





EMPIRE

Tyrant  
Lizard  
King